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THE

ANTI-TURKISH CRUSADE:

A Review of a Recent Agitation;

WITH

REFLECTIONS ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

By GEO. JULIAN HARNEY.

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(E3RQW)

THE ANTI-TURKISH CRUSADE.

PREFATORY.

The American reader, if any American should do me the honor to read these pages, will at once perceive that the following remarks and reflections are addressed to an English rather than to an American audience.

I.

It may be objected it is now somewhat late to discuss "Bulgarian Horrors," no longer the news of the day, but already attached to the domain of history. Be it so. It is never too late, nor too soon, to discuss or review great historical events and catastrophes. The "Bulgarian Horrors" are at least as much open to review as the St. Bartholomew Massacre, the Reign of Terror and the Sepoy Revolt,—subjects likely to engage the pens of writers for generations and centuries to come. Moreover, it can never be more in season than at present, to discuss the larger question which existed before the "Bulgarian Horrors" occurred, and which is likely to exist for some time longer, in spite of "the short and easy methods" for its solution, offered by so many statesmen, orators, writers and amateur diplomatists.

Take the case of the Bulgarians, as presented by the "Daily News," by Mr. Schuyler, and in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and it must be acknowledged that the feeling it excited was honorable to human nature and creditable to the English people. That case, that tale of agony, was calculated to call forth responsive heart-beats from every man nourishing an instinctive abhorrence of cruelty, and animated by a detestation of oppression.

But certain accompaniments of the agitation that shook England, certain assumptions and conclusions, certain schemes and suggestions, seemed to me at the time, and seem to me still, by no means as fully entitled to assent and applause.

A singular aspect of the agitation deserves notice: that of its almost complete restriction to England. One of the most depressing effects of absolute solitude must be manifested in the sensation experienced by the traveller in the midst of the great Sahara, or any other desert or wilderness, when, on shouting, he finds no response to his cry, or but the faint echo of his own voice. Usually the Americans are keenly alive to any cry of the suffering or appeal for help; but whether from being so much engrossed with their great political struggle for the Presidency, with the Centennial, and other matters of domestic interest, or from other causes, I cannot determine, but certain it is the "Bulgarian Horrors" have not excited the faintest ripple of agitation here. The European Continent, excepting the Russian portion, seems to have been almost as unmoved. Frenchmen, Germans and others have made no sign. A writer in the "Fortnightly Review," says, that a German on being asked why his countrymen had held no meetings about the "Bulgarian Horrors," replied, "We have a government that watches over our interests, and we can trust it." This reply seems to have the approval of the writer in the "Fortnightly." That the German should think only of German interests, seems to be accepted as right and commendable; yet how fiercely Lords Beaconsfield and Derby have been denounced for their references to British interests! As to France, an Englishman in Calais, writing to me (27th of October), says: "The French are delighted at the prospect of a general row; first, because they hope England will want their assistance, and they may have the pleasure of refusing; but more especially because they hope to get a chance at Germany, for whichever side Germany takes, France would immediately join the other. For my own part, I do not expect war this year, for Russia has found herself misled by those silly humanitarian meetings in England." To come to the United Kingdom: I believe there were two or three meetings in Ireland,—demonstrations rather for the Fenian prisoners than for the victims of Turkish misrule. Threats against England, and "three cheers for the Emperor of Russia," seemed to be the full measure of Irish sympathy! The absence of excitement in Scotland was remarkable. There were meetings in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the tone and spirit of which sufficiently accorded with English sentiment; but taking the country generally, there was no agitation; certainly the "heather" was not "on fire." In fact, the Scotch maintained their reputation as a cool-headed race. I say this not sarcastically, but approvingly. If there was an absence of excited demonstrations, it was not in consequence of any national indifference to the cause of the wronged and the suffering. In declining to commit themselves to a hurly-burly of agitation, not likely to promote the true interests of freedom (to say nothing of those of Great Britain), I think our Scottish brethren were in the right. They kept their heads cool. I know them, and I will answer for the warmth of their hearts.

In reading reports, narratives, etc., in newspapers and pamphlets, I could not but feel some misgivings as to possible and probable exaggeration in the stories of "Bulgarian Horrors." In times of great political strife, more especially when the sword is recognized as the present or prospective arbiter, exaggeration always accompanies and distorts, and too often strangles, the truth. I recall an instance to the point. The actual horrors of the Indian mutiny were bad enough; but I believe it is now admitted that the misdeeds of the mutineers were exaggerated, and that even Nana Sahib was not as black as he was painted. But the exaggerations of the time did their work: they stimulated panic, and panic stimulated a thirst for unreasoning, indiscriminate revenge.

Already it is affirmed that the "Bulgarian Horrors" were, at least as to extent, exaggerated. Lady Strangford, writing from Philippopolis, October 19, says: "Number of persons killed greatly exaggerated; but property destroyed and terrible distress far underrated." Of course that destruction of property and general distress means death to hundreds. Indeed, Lady Strangford adds: "People dying by hundreds. Winter already begun." Still, it is well to know, or to have good grounds for belief, that the victims of carnage were fewer than the first reports affirmed.

But exaggeration or no exaggeration, the actual, undoubted occurrences were of so dreadful, so revolting a character, as to fully justify the wail of pity and the cry of indignation that ascended from the homes of England and from the public gatherings of Englishmen.

The wicked complicity of the Turkish government has been broadly and energetically affirmed. I doubt the justice of that charge. The position of that government should not be lost sight of. Preceding the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz, the general disintegration and all but collapse of the administration from centre to circumference, must have impressed the Ottoman ministers with a terrible consciousness of weakness and a consequent proneness to panic. The Sultan, in his semi or absolute insanity, had became an abject puppet in the hands of the arch-intriguer representing the "benevolent" Alexander; the Grand Vizier was more than suspected of having sold himself to Russia; a few days more and, in all probability, the career of the Turkish reformers would have been cut short, and themselves cut off by a *coup d'état*. The revolution effected by the Softas, without the shedding of one drop of blood,—when did such a revolution occur in Western Europe?—checkmated the Muscovite game. But so perilous a change necessitated some additional confusion; and then followed that awful scene of assassination and slaughter at the cabinet meeting of the ministers. In the midst of those convulsions, those incitements to panic, came reports of a discovered conspiracy and risings of the Bulgarians, with pressing demands from the Mussulmans for protection, and leave to defend themselves! In such circumstances, what more natural than that the Turkish ministers should give hasty and imperative orders to "stamp out" the fires of insurrection?

> "It is the curse of kings, to be attended
> By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
> To break within the bloody house of life."

And, in this instance, those "slaves" enacted deeds which show that Swift's satire on his species is all too tame. Would that Bashi-Bazouks had been no worse than *Gulliver's* "Yahoos."

As regards the stamping out of insurrections, I am not aware that the Turks occupy an exceptional position. I will say nothing now of what Russia has done. I will not recall "Glencoe," the "forty-five" and butcher Cumberland, "ninety-eight" and the awful atrocities on both sides; but I must take leave to refer again to the Indian Mutiny. The means used and measures taken by the British government, or rather the Anglo-Indian government, for suppressing that revolt, were not at all of a rose-water character. Whilst the mutineers were yet unsubdued, a great historian of the present day, Mr. Froude, could calmly write, "We shall exact an expiation for their crimes *at the tale of which their children's children will quake*"! And so it came to pass! I prefer not to cite particulars; not, alas! for want of materials, but I am not one of those who find pleasure in making an exhibition of England's faults. I will only remark, on the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, that Mr. Froude's promise was amply and ruthlessly fulfilled!

To return to the "Bulgarian Horrors." It has been said, that if they had wished, the Ottoman ministers could have stopped the massacres going on but some two hundred miles from Constantinople. I do not know as to that. Weak governments have ere now been unable to arrest disorders and massacres, even within their capitals. The Girondist ministers would have stopped the September massacres if they could, but were powerless to do so. Yet Roland and his colleagues, instead of two hundred miles, were (so to speak) hardly two hundred yards from the fearful scenes of those dreadful days of implacable retribution.

A more serious charge, apparently only too well founded, is, that the Turkish ministers promoted or otherwise rewarded those chiefs who ordered or permitted the massacres. Those rewards were probably given immediately on receipt of information of the suppression of the revolt. Such action cannot be too strongly condemned; but probably other governments have been as culpable. In making promotions and awarding honors, did the Anglo-Indian government too nicely discriminate between officers of the Havelock stamp and those in whose vocabulary the words "pity" and "pardon" had no place? It is a still more serious charge against the Turkish government, that up to this time no one of the officials incriminated has been brought to justice,—to be acquitted in the face of day if guiltless, to die a felon's death if guilty. On this count I can but lament the failure, or at least the delay (which is itself a failure), of justice,—a grievous wrong to humanity, and working infinite injury to the Ottoman government.

I have spoken of the Bulgarian Conspiracy. The fact of the conspiracy is now too well known to be questioned. That it was plotted by Servian and Russian agents, acting mainly under the direction of the Panslavist Committee at Bucharest, is also well known. Unluckily for those concerned the secret could not be kept; and so, as in most conspiracies, the explosion was premature, and availed the Servians nothing. When the Servians declared war, many of their intended Bulgarian allies were already with the dead, and a terrorized population could afford no support to the ambitious neighbor whose machinations had resulted in such heartrending woes. It is a difficult question as to how far provocation was given by the Bulgarians to the Turks. Mr. Schuyler, in his report, states that "no Turkish women or children were killed in cold blood. No Mussulman women were violated. No Mussulmans were tortured. No purely Turkish village was attacked or burned. No Mussulman house was pillaged. No mosque was desecrated or destroyed." This is emphatic enough. On the other hand, Dr. Hamlin, head of the American Christian Mission in Turkey, affirms that "Russian agents formed a plot for a general rising, and, at the first outbreak, the Bulgarians fired Turkish and Circassian villages, and killed some hundreds of men, women and children." Here is probably (unintentional) exaggeration; but one may suspect some foundation in fact. I pass over Hobart Pasha's statement of "atrocities" by the Bulgarians "quite on a par" with those of the Turks, as the commander of the Ottoman fleet may be considered not an impartial witness. But Colonel Loyd Lindsay, returned from the seat of war,—Bulgaria and Constantinople,—repeats that the Bulgarian rising was the work of Russian agents. He adds that the conspirators designed "the general massacre of their Mussulman neighbors,"—I may remark, as the English slaughtered the Danes, and the Sicilians the French. Colonel Lindsay says, to some extent, their design was carried out. Then the Bashi-Bazouks fell upon the Bulgarians "in blind fear and fanatical rage," and there ensued the horrors of which we have heard so much. Colonel Lindsay adds, "Had the Bulgarians got the upper hand, the atrocities would have been as great."

That Colonel Lindsay has some ground for this conclusion, appears from the programme of the insurrection, given in Mr.

Baring's report. The programme of action included the burning of cities, towns and villages; the destruction of bridges, the railroad and rolling stock; the attacking of Turkish and mixed villages, and the killing of all Mussulmans who resisted. The Bulgarians themselves who might refuse to join the insurrection, were to have their villages fired, and compelled to share in the revolt. This was a tolerably comprehensive scheme of anarchy, destruction and bloodshed. But, as I have already said, the insurrection prematurely exploded, and the number of Mussulmans killed by the insurgents was, probably, not large. In some parts, the villages were visited by insurgent bands, who told the inhabitants they must leave their homes, or they would be massacred by the Turks. In several instances this counsel was followed, and, by abandoning their homes, the unhappy Bulgarians seemed to participate in the insurrection. On the other hand, the Mussulmans took the alarm,—and not without cause,—that they were to be massacred by the Bulgarians. They knew what had occurred in the Herzegovina and Bosnia. In the former, wives and children of Mussulmans were murdered by the insurgents. This is admitted by a writer in the "Fortnightly Review," who has subjected the Foreign-Office Blue-Book to elaborate examination, apparently for the purpose of showing the unfitness of the Earl of Derby for his office. In Bosnia small Turkish garrisons were surprised and massacred. The Bosnian Mussulmans, finding themselves without the protection of regular troops, took their own defence into their own hands; and the Bashi-Bazouks who, as military bodies, *had been suppressed by the government*, reappeared to combat the insurgents. As Mr. Evans shows, in his book on Bosnia, the Christian outbreak occasioned and was opposed by a "counter-revolution of Moslem fanaticism."

And so it was in Bulgaria, or rather amongst the Bulgarians; for the fact is, the "Horrors" commenced and were mainly limited to the Bulgarian population in Roumelia, south of the Balkan. Terror incited hatred and rage, with the result we know. There is nothing new in this. The abominable proclamation, the insolent menaces and direful threats of Brunswick to the city of Paris, excited at once a sensation of fear and a thirst for vengeance; and so the revolutionary mob of the capital fell upon the wretched prisoners in the Abbaye and other places of detention, because looking upon them as the accomplices of Brunswick, and as traitors who desired that foreign arms should destroy Paris and drown the revolution in the blood of the Parisians.

As an illustration of the difficulty of getting at the truth, let me call attention to the fact that, while some accounts describe the atrocities as committed by the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, others acquit the Circassians, or charge them with but an insignificant share in the work of destruction. Again, while Hobart Pasha and Colonel Lindsay speak of the massacres as committed by irregular troops (Bashi-Bazouks) hastily collected, Mr. Forster (returned from Turkey) speaks of the work of death and destruction as perpetrated not so much by any kind of troops, as by the people of the Moslem villages under the influence of fear and fanaticism. Another M. P., Mr. Butler-Johnstone, in his pamphlet, states that which I have not seen elsewhere, that on the breaking out of the insurrection, the local authorities telegraphed to Constantinople for troops and for leave to defend themselves till they arrived. This was granted; and the local authorities forthwith armed the Mussulman population, "and emptied the very jails." "It was the scum of the villages, and especially of the large towns, far more than soldiers, regular or irregular, Circassians or Bashi-Bazouks, who committed the atrocities which have filled the world with horror, and brought this fearful weight of odium on the Ottoman people and government."

No danger from insurrection could justify the local authorities (it is not claimed that it was by order of the Ottoman ministers) arming jail-birds and the "scum" of the towns. That of itself was an atrocity, and the fruitful cause of the atrocities that followed. But, here again, this infamous act had been anticipated by a Christian state, one of the "Great Powers," —Austria, in the Galician massacres, in 1846. Jails were emptied, and the "scum" of towns and villages let loose upon the Polish landlords and Polish patriots generally. The victims of the Galician massacre numbered fifteen hundred or more, and the massacres were of a character not less frightful than the "Bulgarian Horrors." The leader of the assassins was one Szela who had been condemned to imprisonment for atrocious crimes, including one committed on a child. He was liberated to head other liberated convicts, "scum," and soldiers disguised as peasants to do the work of murder. These miscreants were employed, paid and rewarded by the Austrian government, not, observe, by any obscure *local* authorities. The massacre was provided for by Metternich, and the Austrian Emperor, Ferdinand, in a proclamation, publicly thanked and extolled the band of assassins. That was the way Austria put down, or rather anticipated and prevented, a possible rising for Polish liberty. If I were to repeat a list (incomplete) of the victims, and the horrible details of their murder, that list would possibly induce Mr. Gladstone to repeat "that hell itself might almost blush." I do not remember that Mr. Gladstone made any manifestation at that time, either in or out of Parliament. That august assembly was equally silent,—save a feeble debate, or conversation, in the House of Lords, where Lord Beaumont, I think, denounced the Austrian government. The *cher* Aberdeen came to the rescue of his friend, Metternich, declared that he knew the "Prince," had lived with him, and knew he was quite incapable of the shocking acts imputed to him by "his noble friend" (Lord Beaumont). I have no doubt it had been very pleasant for Aberdeen to "hob-nob" with Metternich, and that the "northern Thane" had carried away with him very agreeable recollections of the Prince's delicate attentions. But Metternich was but a polished *Lambro*,—

> "The mildest manner'd man
> That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

At the period I am speaking of, some Englishmen were not silent. They did, in the way of their duty, all they could do; but they were mostly poor and powerless men, "Chartists," and so forth. The influential men in Parliament and the press were mostly silent. I cannot recall any pamphlet on "Galician Horrors" from the pen of Mr. Gladstone.

It is only fair to add, that for some years past, Austria seems to have turned over a new leaf in her treatment of the Poles, and that a degree of freedom and national life is now enjoyed in Cracow and Galicia, to which there is no resemblance in (so-called) "Russian Poland," and but little in "Prussian Poland." Let us hope this is the beginning of Austrian expiation for the crime which haunted Maria Theresa like "the unpardonable sin." Austria, moreover, may yet find her account in making friends of the Poles, and possibly defenders, when her hour of tribulation (probably not very distant) strikes, and she, in turn, comes to be menaced by her robber-accomplices with the doom of Poland.

I suppose I may expect to be accused of trying to extenuate the deeds, and of attempting to whitewash the character of the Turks. But that charge, if made, will trouble me not. Though I lack the power to write like Mr. Gladstone, though I cannot employ his trenchant sentences and eloquent periods, I may nevertheless feel as strongly as that gentleman; though I may not care to express all I feel. Human beings killing each other in battle is to me more than sufficiently horrible; indiscriminate massacre is infinitely more appalling; but, above all, deliberate cruelty and nameless outrage,—the agony of the soul combined with that of the body,—on *such* "horrors" I do not dare to express all I feel. I will give expression only to the one overmastering thought,—the wish to extirpate the perpetrators of such deeds. Even on them I would not inflict cruelty,—a word which is the crowning shame of man's vocabulary,—I would simply sweep them from the earth as too vile to pollute the air we breathe,—something far worse than poisonous serpents and "tameless tigers hungering for blood,"—*therefore*, to be destroyed, effaced, and be seen no more.

But whilst the "Bulgarian Horrors" compel the question, Why sleeps "the hidden thunder in the stores of heaven"? in the proportion that we (you, reader, and I, and I hope all men) are righteously indignant [too tame a word] at the perpetrators of hideous crimes and revolting cruelties, we should be careful to run no risk of exciting wrath against the guiltless. I would be slow to condemn millions of people, and a government which, at least, is *no enemy of ours*, to a sweeping sentence of outlawry. To preach a crusade against an entire people is no light matter; and heavy is the responsibility of those who do aught to kindle the flames of a wider conflict than at present rages, and to provoke the direst of all calamities, the most hateful of all conflicts,—a war of races and religions.

II.

The odium incurred by the Turks has hardly exceeded that sought to be heaped upon the British Premier and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The famous "laugh" I must pass by; but must offer a few words on the Premier's denunciation of the Servians for recklessly plunging into "an outrageous and wicked war," and for which he has been most vehemently assailed. The gallant, and ultimately successful efforts of the Servians to free themselves from the Turkish yoke, commanded admiration, but I cannot say that the history of their restored nationality seems equally worthy of applause. They have been the prey, first, of one semi-barbarous ruler, then of another,—their Kara George and their Milosch Obrenovitsch being equally despotic, and they and their partisans equally ready to resort to any means of violence, assassination included, to achieve or retain power. Revolutions and counter-revolutions, effected by the rival "princely" factions, have followed each other with almost Mexican regularity and rapidity. Still, the country gave promise of a steady, if slow, advance in material prosperity, education and political progress, until the father of the reigning prince gave indication of a wild ambition, by raising the armed force from about 4,000 to 50,000 men, with a reserve of 70,000. The policy indicated by the establishment of a force so preposterously out of proportion to the number and resources of the population, has been continued during the present reign, until it became manifest to all Europe,—the government at Constantinople included,—that Servia, not content with her own practical independence, aspired to the *rôle* of a second Piedmont,—having, however, no Cavour, no Victor Emmanuel, with the neighboring Slav communities equally destitute of a Mazzini and a Garibaldi. Excepting in the matter of the tribute claimed by the Porte,—whether paid, I do not know,—Servia was, in respect to the Ottoman power, as free as Scotland is in relation to England, and the Channel Isles to the British Crown. The peasants and cultivators were enjoying peace and prosperity, the traders in the towns were thriving. But this sufficed not the ambitious prince and his advisers. They wanted to annex neighboring provinces, and Prince Milan wanted a crown; so they listened eagerly to the Russian Panslavist intriguers, and joined in their conspiracy. In vain did the Ottoman government refuse to be irritated by provocations to declare war; in vain did England's representatives entreat the Servian government to abstain from extending the area of conflict and increasing the effusion of blood. Urged on by the Panslavist propaganda, aided by Russian money, Russian arms, Russian volunteers and Russian officers and commanders, and relying on the support, if needed, of the Russian power, the Servians *would* have war, and they have had it! Challenging war with Turkey, insisting on that war, commencing that war, invading Turkish territory proper, they found themselves—no doubt to their great surprise—driven back, and, in turn, had to experience their own fields ravaged and their own fortresses wrung from them. And had it not been that the Porte has been held in check by the "Great Powers," and the valor of the Ottoman troops been neutralized by diplomatic machinations, the Turks would, weeks ago, have occupied Belgrade, and we should have seen the would be "King" Milan a homeless vagabond, far enough from the country he had led to ruin.

> "All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day."

And it will probably take nearly that time to recover the material prosperity so scandalously wasted, so recklessly thrown away; to say nothing of political progress arrested and national freedom jeopardized. Pity is demanded for the hundreds, probably thousands, of homeless, desolated families, the thousands of wounded and self-mutilated Servians, to say nothing of the heaps of gory dead. But it must be remembered that for all this suffering, shame and humiliation, Servia may thank her own folly. Old Æsop is ever true, and will continue to be while mankind's follies endure; and that is likely to be as long as the race continues. Did ever any people afford a more striking illustration of the frog that would be as big as the ox, and so puffed and blowed until the silly creature burst!

One word to those who profess to regard the Servian war as a war for liberty. We know enough about Servia's Russian allies; let me ask how it is we have not heard of Polish allies? Ever since 1830,—that date is sufficiently remote,—not a struggle for liberty has taken place in Europe but Poles have been in the thick of the combat. In Paris and Vienna, in Italy and Hungary, from the Seine to the Danube, wherever barricades have arisen, where Garibaldi led, and Magyar heroes rivalled Greek and Roman valor, there were Poles foremost in the strife. I will venture to affirm that not a single Polish volunteer has enrolled himself in the Servian army, unless possibly some miserable renegade (though I do not believe there has been one such) who had sold himself to Russia. How is it that the Poles have stood aloof from this pretended war for liberty? Because they know that the Servians are the mere creatures of Russia, the puppets set in motion, the instruments used to subserve the grasping ambition of that perfidious, tyrannical and dangerous Power.

In reference to the accusations against the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, I must pass over the "Andrassy note" and the "Berlin memorandum," although it would be easy to show that Lord Derby's refusal to adopt the last of these measures had general approval at the time, and was even warmly applauded by the organs of liberal opinion in France, Germany, and the Continent generally. The more rabid of the anti-Turkish crusaders have not scrupled to represent England as responsible for the shocking events in Bulgaria, and accountable for the blood of the Bulgarians,—a monstrous slander upon their own country, a slander having no foundation in truth. These calumniators of their own country are absolutely silent respecting the fatal intrigues of the Russian agents and Panslavist associations. If agents of the British government, or of English propagandist societies, had urged the Bulgarians to conspire and revolt, and urged the Servians to levy war upon Turkey, then, indeed, there would have been ground for the crusaders' accusations against England. Imagine the Earl of Derby exciting any people to revolt! But it is attempted to make out a case against Lord Derby, and to show that he has led the Turks to believe, no matter what they did, they might always count upon British protection, by citing the fact of the despatch of the British fleet to Besika Bay. We are told that by that act Lord Derby gave moral support, and therewith material support, to the Turks against the Christians, or, at least, against the "Powers" acting in behalf of the Christians; and, so doing, encouraged the Turks to perpetrate the "Bulgarian Horrors." This accusation is a great feature in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. Special attention is called to the subject in a marked headline.

Yet Mr. Gladstone himself supplies the explanation from the parliamentary papers. On the 5th of May had occurred the outbreak at Salonica, and the murder of the French and German consuls. On the 9th, Sir Henry Elliot, who had observed great excitement and an extensive purchase of arms in Constantinople, "wisely" (says Mr. Gladstone) telegraphed to the British admiral in the Mediterranean, expressing a desire that he would bring his squadron to Besika Bay. "This judicious act, done by the ambassador in conjunction with the ambassadors of other powers, who seem to have taken similar steps, was communicated by him to Lord Derby on the 9th of May, by letter and by telegraph." "These measures," says Mr. Gladstone, "were substantially wise and purely pacific. They had, if understood rightly, no political aspect, or if any, one rather anti-Turkish than Turkish." It appears that at first Lord Derby had no desire to send the fleet to Besika Bay, and indicated Smyrna as a preferable destination; "but he yielded," and, continues Mr. Gladstone, "I believe he was quite right in yielding to the renewed and just instances of the ambassador."

I do not know what better defence Lord Derby could offer. But Mr. Gladstone makes two "points" against Lord Derby: first, the class of ships sent to Besika Bay were not to his liking. Instead of the vast iron-clads, he would have sent another kind of vessels having larger crews, available for landing considerable bodies of men. There may be something in this count of the indictment; but I submit, *not* Mr. Gladstone out of office, but Lord Derby in office, and more than Lord Derby, the Admiralty, must be presumed the best judges of the class of ships that should, and that could, be sent into Turkish waters. Moreover, according to a foot-note in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, in addition to the eleven iron-clads, the fleet comprised nine of the class of ships he would have preferred! Mr. Gladstone's second point is, that explanation of the sending of the fleet to Besika Bay was resolutely withheld, and consequently all Europe was alarmed, and looked upon the fleet in Besika Bay as a menace of war. Now, look again at Mr. Gladstone's own words. He says this "*judicious act*" (the sending for the Mediterranean squadron) was done by the English ambassador "*in conjunction* with the ambassadors of other powers, who seem to have taken *similar steps*." Well, then, the ambassadors of the "other powers" knew perfectly well why the British ships were sent for, and of course the powers themselves knew; they knew it was a "purely pacific" measure. They knew that the British demonstration "had no political aspect, or was rather anti-Turkish than Turkish." Of course the Turkish government understood that. Where is there a tittle of evidence to the contrary? Sir H. Elliot, acting in conjunction with the other ambassadors, leaves no doubt about that. The Turkish government could be under no deception on that point. As to the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria, the British fleet in Besika Bay could be no encouragement to them in the commission of the atrocities. Mr. Gladstone says: "On the 20th of April the insurrection broke out in Bulgaria. In the beginning of May the horrors of the repression had reached their climax." But it was not until the 9th that Sir H. Elliot (uninformed at that time of the Bulgarian events) took the first step towards bringing up the fleet. It was not until the 15th that the Admiralty announced the ordering of the squadron to Besika Bay, and Lord Derby has stated that "the fleet did not begin to arrive until the 26th, some of the ships arriving considerably later." Yet Mr. Gladstone denounces what he calls "this ostentatious protection to Turkey, this wanton disturbance of Europe"! According to Mr. Gladstone, Europe was deceived and alarmed because ministers did not volunteer explanations in Parliament or rush into print with statements as to the actual meaning of the naval demonstration. But when was it the habit of any administration to do aught of the kind? Can Mr. Gladstone show that the Whigs, when in office, were ever more communicative as to diplomatic negotiations or naval and military movements? Who were deceived? The ambassadors, the Powers, the Turkish government,—all knew that the naval demonstration was "purely pacific," "rather anti-Turkish than Turkish." Who, then, were deceived? Not the Russian, the Austrian, the German Emperor; not the King of Italy nor the President of the French Republic; not Gortschakoff, Andrassy, nor Bismarck. Who, then? I suppose the *quidnuncs* of London, the *gobe-mouches* of Paris, and those whom I may term the "Brussels Gazette" retailers of reports, conjectures, and revelations,—made one day only to be contradicted the next.

But now comes the crowning inconsistency of Mr. Gladstone's arraignment of Lord Derby :—

> "And how are we in this particular to set about the work of reparation? Any reader who has accompanied me thus far will probably expect that I, at least, shall answer the question by recommending the withdrawal of the fleet from Besika Bay. But such, I must at once say, is not my view of duty or of policy. I would neither recall the fleet nor reduce it by one ship or man."

"O most lame and impotent conclusion!" If Sir Henry Elliot acted "judiciously" in sending for the fleet; if that measure was "wise and purely pacific"; if, understood rightly, it was rather "anti-Turkish than Turkish"; if the object in view in sending for the fleet was communicated to the ambassadors of other powers; if Lord Derby, renouncing his own idea of sending the fleet to Smyrna, "was quite right in yielding" to the "instances of the ambassador to send the ships to Besika Bay"; if, finally, Mr. Gladstone himself "would neither recall the fleet nor reduce it by one ship or man!"—then, in the name of common sense, why all this pother about sending the fleet to Besika Bay? Ministers are alleged to shrink from parliamentary discussion. But when Parliament meets, Lord Derby, for his own defence, has only to quote Gladstone against Gladstone, confident that he may safely leave the verdict to the country.

Here let me say I have no claim to be ranked with Lord Derby's friends or supporters. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs has too much in common with that School, which of late has supplied his bitterest accusers, to allow of my being one of his admirers. Moreover, it seems to me—though but little acquainted with blue-books and other sources of information, perhaps I am hardly warranted in saying—that the Foreign Secretary has laid himself open to the charges of want of decision and want of vigor. There are those who will remember how little I was the admirer of Lord Palmerston in the heyday of his power and popularity; but I do think, had he been at the head of a ministry, or at the head of the Foreign Office, during these troubles, he would have said to Constantinople, "Stop these abominations"; and to St. Petersburg, "Stop these villanous intrigues,"—and both would have obeyed. It is significant that some of the Peace men, at the recent meetings, have offered up their pious thanks that the much-abhorred Palmerston has been removed to another and (let us hope) a better world! But let us be just to Lord Derby. He has been doing his best to carry out the cardinal principle of the Manchester School, and, by adoption, the principle of the Whigs,—that of non-intervention. Moreover, he has tried to induce the other "Great Powers" to act on the same principle,—with signal failure as regards Russia! Have we not had, for more than a generation, non-intervention dinned into our ears as the only safe and wise policy in relation to foreign affairs? No matter, the crimes and cruelties of tyrants; no matter, the frantic efforts of the oppressed to free themselves from bondage. That was none of our business, said the Manchester School; it was not our place to interfere,—though Hungary might bleed at every pore and Poland writhe in the agonies of death; it was our bounden duty, under all circumstances, to make non-intervention our rule! Yet, the non-interventionists—the men of the Manchester School—are Lord Derby's most virulent assailants. With a strange inconsistency, some of them even go still farther. Whilst Lord Derby is abused for sending the fleet to Besika Bay, some of his revilers would have that fleet moored at Constantinople itself, to pour shot and shell into Stamboul in the event of any farther conflict between Christians and Turks! (Speech of C. M. Palmer, M. P., at the Gateshead meeting, September 7.) This is not all: From the tone of some of the popular speakers, it might be concluded they were angry with Lord Derby for not turning the Foreign Office into a revolutionary propagandist headquarters, and for not repeating the famous decree of the French Convention, granting fraternity and assistance to all peoples rising against their rulers in the name of liberty! When Peace men and non-interventionists invade the Foreign Office to urge the government, if not to make war on the Turks, at least to afford aid and encouragement to Russia in making that war, the spectacle is one that reaches the stage beyond the sublime. Such an exhibition, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve."

III.

I must limit myself to but brief notice of the several schemes for solving the Eastern question. Never before was the multitude of counsellors so great,—though whether that multitude is any surety for safety, I doubt. The solution of the Eastern question, until now thought to be so difficult, seems to be regarded by the improvised statesmen of the hour as a matter of easy attainment. The country is familiar with the views of the Earl of Derby, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Duff Grant, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Bright, to say nothing of the "cut-and-dried," off-hand measures of innumerable statesmen and diplomatists in *embryo*. The schemes for the solution of the Eastern question include a Greek empire, or a Græco-Roumanian-Slavonian empire or kingdom, with Prince Alfred and his Russian wife for "emperor and empress," a rather more shadowy project than even Prince Milan's "kingdom." Another idea is the transformation of the Turkish provinces into a confederation of free republics,—a confederation likely to exhibit as much harmony as a collection of Irish "Nationalists" and "Home-Rulers." Another is to expel the Turks from Europe, "bag and baggage." This, though not to its fullest extent proposed by Mr. Gladstone, has been the interpretation put upon his words by his admirers; and, among others, by our old friend and favorite, Garibaldi. The patriotic Italian has a splendid vision of the future: the Russians crossing the Pruth, and never stopping in their conquering march until the Turks have been utterly ejected from Europe; then the Russians to be invited to march back again and recross the Pruth, the Russians, with lamb-like gentleness, obligingly doing as requested!

Perhaps forty years ago, an enthusiast published a book with the title, "Paradise within the reach of all men." The word "Paradise" only needed a prefix. If the book had been called "The Fool's Paradise within the reach of all men," it would have been aptly named. There is no cheaper enjoyment in this world than an excursion into said Paradise. There are no railway fares to pay, no hotel bills to provide for. It is not even necessary to watch for some "ole clo'" man going by, on the chance that he may have Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's cap for sale. It is not even necessary to wish, you have only to *will*, and *there you are!* That is the region where old empires revived, and new republics warranted to last, may be set up at a moment's notice! How happy we might all be in that Paradise were there no Gortschakoffs and Bismarcks to confiscate our *châteaux en Espagne!*

When Mr. Gladstone tells us, "These provinces were not destined to be the property of Russia, or Austria, or England,—they were destined for the inhabitants of those provinces,"—I accept his meaning without objecting to the form of his expression; though as regards "destiny," it would seem, judging from history, the provinces referred to have been destined for the strongest. And when other speakers echo the same sentiment, I heartily agree. But—

> "O! *faith* and innocence! O! milk and water!
> Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!"

It is another kind of mixture presented to our lips (something stronger than the chalybeate of Harrogate), "blood and iron." It was last administered to Europe by Bismarck; now the rival chancellor is the physician in waiting. Were there no Russia, then, indeed, the people, or peoples, of European Turkey might have some hope to "enjoy their own again," and therewith freedom and peace, provided they did not set to cutting each others' throats (for the love of God)! That such a contingency is more than possible, is sufficiently demonstrated by the annual conflicts at the "Holy Sepulchre," where Greek and Latin Christians assail each other, and are prevented cutting each others' throats only by the intervention of Moslem force and Turkish bayonets; and Dr. Braun-Wiesbaden tells us that, in the provinces of Turkey, "the Christian brethren hate each other to the death. And why? Because one sect makes the sign of the cross from left to right, and the other from right to left." As it is, Russia is not going to allow Greek empires, Bosnian and Bulgarian republics, and confederations of the Danube to be set up. Nicholas told Louis Napoleon he would spend his last rouble and sacrifice his last man, rather than allow a Greek empire to be set up at Constantinople. [Life of Lord Palmerston: by Hon. E. Ashley, M. P. Vol. 2.]

The world knows Mr. Gladstone as an eminent statesman, a powerful orator, a brilliant writer, a man sincere, humane, and generously impulsive; at once profound and popular, whether manipulating a budget or discussing Homer, and as efficient in cutting up an encyclical as cutting down oaks at Hawarden. With this last *penchant* of Mr. Gladstone, I have but little sympathy. I would rather hear of his planting trees than cutting them down. I am not so sure of Mr. Gladstone's capacity in the region of foreign politics. At all events, I could wish him to "draw the line" at the Pope. When he wanders from Rome to Constantinople, there is danger that he will go astray, and lead his followers astray,—as Peter the Hermit, and other Crusaders, were wont to do.

Mr. Gladstone has, before now, given signal proof of the possibility of his being grievously mistaken in his judgment on foreign questions. I allude more especially to the attitude he took towards the American Union, at the time of the Secession War, when, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he made the memorable declaration that Jefferson Davis had "created an army, created a navy, and would create a nation." That blunder has haunted Mr. Gladstone ever since; and in the number for December of "Harper's Monthly," there appears some lengthy correspondence addressed to General Schenck by Mr. Gladstone, elaborately—I might say, painfully—explaining his position and views in reference to the Union at the time of the Secession. It is a frank, honest-looking statement, and enables the reader to acquit Mr. Gladstone of everything but that indiscretion, which is extraordinary on the part of so eminent a master of words. His explanation is not altogether well-timed. Mr. Gladstone's reasons for wishing well to the American Union, seem to have been comprised in his regard for "the interest of England." This sounds strangely, in connection with the bitter outpourings of wrath and contempt on Lords Beaconsfield and Derby, for making "the interest of England" the prime motive of their policy.

Surely Mr. Gladstone allowed his enthusiasm to run away with his judgment in offering his "bag and baggage" programme: "Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner; namely, by carrying off themselves." "Better, we may justly tell the Sultan, almost any inconvenience, difficulty, or loss associated with Bulgaria,—

"'Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of thy people, and their bane.'"

When the above words were written (the quotation from Tennyson included), the man who had been Sultan when the "Bulgarian Horrors" occurred, was in his grave, and, I hardly need add, that the then reigning Sultan, since removed on account of bodily and mental incapacity, was as innocent of the "Bulgarian Horrors" as Mr. Gladstone himself. But, probably, he uses the term "Sultan," as representing Ottoman authority; and subsequent to the issue of his pamphlet, he more clearly explained, that when he bade the Turks carry off themselves, he had in view only the "executive" Turks,—the Zaptiehs, the Mudirs, the Bimbashis, the Yuzbachis, the Kaïmakams, and the Pashas,—dreadful-looking names, forcibly recalling the "Bluebeards" and other "hobgoblins" of nursery literature.

If the autonomy desired by Mr. Gladstone is to be more than a mere name, it will amount to stripping the Turkish government of actual sovereignty,—dismembering, in fact, if not in name, the Turkish Empire, and surrendering the provinces to all the enjoyments of "Home Rule"; including, in all probability, perpetual and disastrous conflict between the Christians and the Mussulmans. If such conflict has not been seen in the neighboring tributary provinces, it has been because most of the few Mussulmans formerly in Servia were expelled, and in Roumania their number is absolutely insignificant.

Again, Mr. Gladstone's explanation notwithstanding, there can be no doubt that his followers, in the main, have put the largest interpretation on his words, regarding them as a summons to expel the Turks (*en masse*) from Europe; although in Parliament he, some months ago, wisely said, "The expulsion of the Turks from Europe is an easy phrase, but a difficult task." Mr. Gladstone has fired the hearts of numbers of his countrymen with the desire to pursue a chimera; or which, if not absolutely chimerical, could be achieved only by making not a mere corner of Bulgaria or Roumelia, but all Eastern Europe, and probably, a large part of Asia, a veritable Aceldama,—a field of blood.

Let no man flatter himself that the Turks are to be driven out of Europe, or out of any of their European provinces, without making a defensive stand; that stand involving a good deal more than standing to be mowed down by Russian cannon. Until the recent battles in Servia, some people had, somehow, got into their heads the idea that the Turks had so degenerated as to have lost all their fighting qualities. Bravery was the only decent quality they were allowed to have had in the past; but that had become extinct! It was lately stated in the foreign correspondence of a London paper, that it was the general opinion in Russia,—an opinion largely shared in Europe,—that the march of the Russian armies into Turkey would be a mere promenade, and that Russian troops could as easily occupy Bulgaria as Odessa. We shall see what we shall see! The man who sold the lion's skin before he commenced the hunt, never returned to deliver the goods and receive the price. The Turks may be driven, but not far, if only their chiefs are faithful. In the pursuit of her designs against Turkey, Russia has trusted fully as much to gold as to steel, and, indeed, has won her acquisitions from Turkey more by fraud than by force, by overreaching in diplomacy (the employment of bribery included), rather than by superiority in arms.

The more enthusiastic of the anti-Turkish crusaders would have England join Russia in coercing the Turks, and failing that, to at least oppose no obstacle, but to encourage Russia in the attempt to expel the Turks from Europe, even though the Russian sceptre should be transferred from St. Petersburg to Constantinople. The frenzy of their "humanity" is boundless. I use the term "frenzy" advisedly. We have been told before to-day that England is as much an Asiatic as a European power. It is certain that one of the strongest safe-guards of England's empire in India against Moscovite aggression is the fidelity of the Mohammedan population, that fidelity being largely influenced by Moslem hatred of Russia. What an insensate policy (?) would that be which, for the gratification of helping Russia to destroy Turkey, should risk, nay, morally assure, the turning of every Mohammedan in India from a submissive subject to a bitter and fanatical foe! I think Mr. Forster underrates this possible peril,—possible, if we can imagine the possibility of such suicidal conduct on the part of England. Doubtless England should not hesitate to do what may be right in the east of Europe, the Indian Moslems notwithstanding. But, on the other hand, it would be the extreme of folly for England to enter upon any quixotic course, which, while calculated to subserve the unscrupulous ambition of her gigantic rival, would also be likely to transform thirty millions of a valiant race from quiet, if not absolutely contented subjects, into rebels of the most dangerous character. For England to take such a course would be literally to burn the candle at both ends.

IV.

I now come to the most amazing feature of the anti-Turkish crusade, but for which these remarks would not have been written.

I refer to the new-born and wonderfully gushing affection for Russia (!) ; the loudly proclaimed belief in Russia's disinterestedness. From the philo-Moscovite manifestations, I select a few gems, " like orient pearls at random strung."

According to Mr. Gladstone, the apprehension of Moscovite aggression is " the standing hobgoblin of Russia." " The time has come to emulate Russia by sharing in her good deeds." Mr. Gladstone, for one, will say to Russia, " In the name of God, go on and prosper ! " [Pamphlet and Speech at Blackheath.]

The Right Hon. Robert Lowe envies Russia: " She is the refuge of the afflicted, the protector of the unprotected, and the father of the fatherless." (Cheers.) . . . . " I grudge bitterly that, while Russia is looked upon in that manner, we are looked upon as the main obstacle to the emancipation of these races." (A voice, " How about Poland ? ") [Speech at Croydon.]

Mr. Joseph Cowen, M. P., willingly admits it was the dream of the late emperor of Russia to possess Constantinople; knows of no evidence that it is the wish of the present ruler of Russia, or of the Russian people. " The fear of Russian aggression is an exploded illusion." [Speech at Blaydon.]

I might easily add to these quotations, but the above will suffice, as representing the prevailing sentiment at the late meetings. When the City deputation waited on the Foreign Secretary, and Lord Derby, reviewing the suggestion to turn the Turks out of Europe, asked, " Who is to do it ? " a " voice " answered, " Russia." And I have newspaper authority that the name of " Russia " was received with " ringing cheers " at all, or most of the meetings.

And this is the people that, only thirteen years ago, felt horrified at the cruel oppression, the "outrages," and the "atrocities" of the Russians in Poland,—Earl Russell vainly pleading with the "magnanimous Tsar" and his chancellor, who both still reign and rule, for mercy, if not justice, to the unhappy Poles!

I will first pay attention to Mr. Robert Lowe. That gentleman is principally known to fame in consequence of a series of virulent speeches against granting the franchise to workingmen; and by his celebrated match-tax, which was nearly successful in getting up a small rebellion against a new "Stamp Act." The matchmakers of London (I am not speaking of the West End) could not have suspected Mr. Lowe of being allied with any "refuge of the afflicted." But Mr. Lowe envies Russia because "she is the refuge of the afflicted, the protector of the unprotected, and the father of the fatherless!" And there were Englishmen so idiotic as to cheer such stuff. As Henry Brougham reminded Tsar Alexander the First, that it was very unlucky in him to have reproached the Spanish patriots with "blood shed within the precincts of a royal palace," seeing that he was descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, who, with exemplary uniformity, had dethroned, imprisoned, and slaughtered husbands, brothers, and children; hinting, moreover, that a father (Paul), as *Alexander well knew*, might be added to the list; so I must remind the Honorable Robert Lowe that his laudation of Russia, as the "father of the fatherless," was singularly *mal à propos*. It recalls a page of Russian history which should not, and is not, likely to pass into oblivion. I will say nothing now of the butcheries that followed the suppression of the Polish revolution of 1830; but to illustrate the character of Russia as the "refuge of the afflicted and the father of the fatherless," I will recall two facts: *first*, by an imperial ukase (1832) five thousand Polish families were torn from their homes and transplanted from Podolia to the Steppes, to be there enrolled in the military service; *second*, under the pretext of providing for poor and orphan children, some thousands of Polish children (there were seven hundred seized in two days) were torn from their parents and friends and transported into the interior of Russia and to the Russian military colonies in Asia! Razzias were made upon parochial schools, charitable institutions, and foundling hospitals. As I write, I have before me a small photograph of a too celebrated picture of a dreadful scene during one of those razzias in Warsaw, in front of the Sigismund column and the royal castle and near the Bernardine Monastery. That picture of children torn from their despairing mothers by Russian soldiers (now, I see, described as such agreeable, good-natured fellows, "and so unlike those barbarous Turks"), is too shocking to describe in detail. Those children died by hundreds from fatigue and exposure, and the cruelty of their escorts; and many, very many, a bereaved mother found no end to her sufferings but in the grave. "I envy Russia," says Mr. Lowe! There was *one* man at that Croydon meeting who showed himself not bereft of common sense; and I thank that unknown "voice" which interrupted the right honorable orator with the startling question, "How about Poland?" Mr. Lowe discreetly took no notice of that question! But it must have disturbed his self-complacency hardly less than Macbeth found himself disturbed by Banquo's ghost.

Mr. Cowen knows of no evidence to show that the seizure of Constantinople is the wish of the present ruler of Russia, or the desire of the Russian people. In proof that the present ruler of Russia does not hanker after Constantinople, Mr. Cowen will, no doubt, "triumphantly" refer to the emperor's assurances to Lord Loftus. I shall have something more to say concerning those "pacific assurances" presently. That Alexander II. may shrink from attempting to grasp at that perilous prize, Constantinople, I think very probable; but the Russian programme will still remain: "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*" Russian emperors reign and pass away,—whether peacefully or murdered, the Moscovite policy still endures; and will be fulfilled, failing the breaking up of the Russian power. But I gather from Mr. Cowen's speech that he regards Russia to have undergone a regenerating change,—meaning by Russia both the government and the people,—and is now an estimable, gracious and benevolent power. I admit there have been great changes in Russia, some of them highly commendable; and some boding no good to Europe. Under Nicholas, Russia was far less dangerous to Europe than she is now. In saying this, I have in view not so much her increased and far better organized armies, her military railroads, and other appliances for engaging in great wars. In the time of Nicholas, the Russian people, though abjectly, were sullenly submissive to their master, and were driven (in the Crimean war) like sheep to the slaughter. Now the people take a voluntary hand in the game; and a desire to extend the sovereignty of Russia is fanatically held even by the most "enlightened." The lessons taught by the government have taken deep root, and revolutionary changes in Russia, more than probable at an early date, will but hasten the conflict between "Holy Russia" and the civilization of the West. Russia is changed, argues Mr. Cowen. Is the change for the better? I will apply a test: one little word of two syllables—Poland! The promises made to Europe in 1863 have remained unfulfilled. Then Russia insisted that she would brook no foreign intervention, take no foreign counsel, until she had reduced the "rebels" to obedience. The revolt suppressed, she would take into consideration measures of amelioration. Well, thirteen years have passed. Has Russia fulfilled her pledges? Far from it. On the contrary, she has labored incessantly to root out the last vestiges of Polish nationality, and extirpate the last remains of Polish vitality. Two weeks before Mr. Cowen made his speech at Blaydon, a Berlin telegram stated that the Russian government had entirely done away with the independence of the Polish administrative authorities, and that the office of Secretary of State for Poland was to be abolished. Does that look like a change for the better? But the progressive, the revolutionary party in Russia, those who propose to uproot all authority, annihilate all dignities, destroy all class distinctions, to make the peasants lords of all under (for a time) the nominal headship of the Tsar, —do they hold out any prospect of justice to unhappy Poland? Not the least. There was a time—twenty years ago—when the *Kolokol* was publishing in London, that there seemed a well-founded hope that the "enlightened" and "revolutionary" Russians would make common cause with the Poles, and respond to the Polish programme "for our freedom and yours." But the events of 1863 dispelled that dream. The universal and brutal resolution come to by all parties in Russia, to subjugate the Poles and drown Polish vitality in blood, broke the heart of Alexander Herzen, and showed to the few friends who remained faithful to him the hopelessness of their aspirations. To extend the domain of "Holy Russia"; to "Russify" the Polish and

German elements in the empire, by any means of blood and terror, however hateful, however barbarous; to make war upon Western civilization; make Tsargrad, as the Russian peasants call Constantinople, the seat of Moscovite supremacy,—these are amongst the fixed aims of the Katkovs, Leontjews, Tolstoïs, Fadeyeffs, and Tchernaïeffs,—the friends of the Servians, the "protectors of the oppressed," the representatives of a "changed" Russia, and to whom Mr. Gladstone says, "In the name of God, go on and prosper!"

Mr. Cowen thinks "the fear of Russian aggression an exploded illusion." Seeing that the march of Russian aggression has never ceased for two centuries,—temporarily arrested in Europe, it is continued in Asia, year by year, and is now likely to be resumed in Europe,—I am at a loss for the ground on which Mr. Cowen bases his comfortable belief, that that aggression is "an exploded illusion." Mr. Gladstone is equally happy in his exhibition of the Russian "hobgoblin." According to Johnson, a hobgoblin is a "frightful fairy," and fairy "a kind of fabled being." According to Bailey, hobgoblin is an "imaginary apparition." Anything but an imaginary being is the actual Russia, comprising, it is said, one-seventh of the territorial surface of the globe; not like the British Empire, composed of scattered domains, separated by oceans and continents, but one solid, compact mass. Eighty-five millions of inhabitants, occupying this compact territory, acknowledge the sceptre of the Tsar. The army is reputed to number 765,000 men on the peace footing, and 1,300,000 on the war footing; besides nearly 200,000 Cossacks, continually on military service; to say nothing of a considerable navy. To me the Russian Empire does not seem much of a fairy. But I suppose by "the standing hobgoblin of Russia," Mr. Gladstone means Russian aggression, which he would have us believe is a mere creature of the imagination, a fabled phantom, a hobgoblin! Mr. Gladstone knows far better than I can tell him, what is the extent and might of Russia now as compared with the Russia of Peter the Great. In the time of that semi-polished barbarian, Russia's only seaport was Archangel, on the White Sea. Russia has now ports along the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic; commands the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian. I have no doubt the Russian emperor would redouble his asseverations by all the saints in the Russian calendar,—and they are not few,—that Russia had not, and never would have, the least desire to seize Constantinople, if only Russian war-ships might have the free passage of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Our Peace men would be quite ready to give their assent,—indeed they already ask, "Why not?" If the Thames, instead of issuing from the base of the Cotswold Hills, a feeble thread of water for many a mile, was a narrow but navigable arm of the sea, running from the Bristol to the English Channel, and so pacific a power as Russia modestly desired that her war-ships might have free passage through that channel from sea to sea, past Windsor, London and Woolwich, Englishmen would be better able to appreciate the meaning of a demand for the "free passage" of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, received with such complacency by gentlemen of the Manchester School. Since Peter gave up the shipwright business, Russia has annexed in Europe three-fourths of Poland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Finland, the greater part of Lapland, Bessarabia, Kherson, the Taurida, the Crimea and Circassia; in Asia, a large portion of Armenia, Georgia, Mingrelia and Kamtschatka; to say nothing of her recent and enormous acquisitions in Central Asia. Russia dominates over Sweden and Denmark, having robbed the former of some of her most valuable territories, including the very ground on which St. Petersburg stands. Russia is a constant menace to Austria, and the one doubtful factor in the question of Hungary's future. I say nothing about India; but the independence of Persia, despoiled of some of her fairest provinces, exists but by sufferance of the Tsar. The acquisition of European Turkey, and the planting of her standards on the minarets of Constantinople, sum up Russia's long-cherished and ever-present design. Compared with the early days of Peter, the Russian frontier is now 700 miles nearer Paris and London, 500 miles nearer Constantinople, and 600 miles nearer Stockholm. Let me add, from the "Edinburgh Review," the terse and striking summary of only one century's "exploded illusion":—

> "M. Boukharow, himself a Russian, boasts that the extension of Russia in the last century is a fact unexampled in history. Since 1772 she has doubled her territories. Within eighty years she has swallowed up half Sweden, and of Poland, as much as would make

another Austrian Empire. She has conquered from Persia about as much as the area of Great Britain. From Turkey she has wrested by successive wars and treaties, states as large as Prussia was before the war of 1866; and we have recently seen her advancing over Central Asia with accelerated rapidity."

The "hobgoblin" has made tolerably rapid and extensive strides!

All the annexations above noticed, and the others not noticed, have been gained by fraud and force, perfidy and violence, and at the cost of an incalculable amount of human suffering; bear witness only one example,—

> "That sound that crashes in a tyrant's ear,"—

Poland. Yet Mr. Gladstone says "the time has come for us to emulate Russia, by sharing in her good deeds." *If* Russia's objects are *now* "just and righteous," it is for the first time in her history; and sensible men will require more than Mr. Gladstone's word for it, before saying to her, "In the name of God, go on and prosper."

I anticipate two answers,—

1. British annexations and conquests in India.
2. The fact that European Turkey was by the scimitar gained to the empire of Othman, and that Russian conquest is at least as justifiable as Turkish conquest.

It would take me too far afield to discuss India. Here I will neither approve nor condemn British annexations. I will offer only this remark: British acquisitions in India threaten neither the safety nor the freedom of any European state, not even Russia. But every province torn from Turkey increases the power of Russia, and adds greatly to the danger menacing Europe.

As to Turkish conquests, they long ago ceased. Since the day that John Sobieski, the heroic, the truly magnanimous king of Poland, crushed the Turkish hosts under the walls of Vienna, Turkey has ceased to be a danger to Europe. We are within seven years of the completion of two centuries since that memorable day. In his pamphlet, speaking of the invasion of Europe by the Turks, Mr. Gladstone says: "They were indeed a tremendous incarnation of military power. This advancing curse menaced the whole of Europe. It was only stayed, and that not in one generation, but in many, by the heroism of the European populations of those very countries, part of which form at this moment the scene of war and the anxious subject of diplomatic action." Did no thought of Poland occur to Mr. Gladstone, when writing the above? Whatever the evils of Turkish misgovernment, however deplorable the condition of the subject populations, the Ottoman Empire is no menace to Europe, no more to the smallest than to the largest states, no more to the weakest than to the strongest. Under the sceptre of the Sultan, Constantinople is substantially a free port, a commercial mart where almost absolute freedom of exchange prevails. Under the sceptre of the Tsar,—I say nothing about the introduction and enforcement of high protective and prohibitory tariffs,—Constantinople would become the sovereign seat of an aggressive power, dangerous in a naval as well as military sense, a camp and arsenal for aggressive wars and spoliations, a laboratory of designs for the acquisition of universal empire, necessitating as bloody struggles for the freedom and safety of Europe as ever raged on the frontier lands of Turk and Christian.

V.

The war against Russia, or the Crimean war, as it is loosely called, has been a text for most of the anti-Turkish crusaders; and there have been some extraordinary recantations and abject apologies on the part of some of those who favored that war. This reminds me that I had nearly forgotten another leading member of Parliament and eminent statesman, Mr. John Bright. Of all men in England at the present time, Mr. John Bright must be the happiest. Lord Brougham experienced the unusual advantage of reading his own obituary in numberless London and country newspapers, and Lord Harry must have enjoyed not only the praises of his admirers, but also the criticism of his opponents, and, above all, the candid admissions of his friends! But Mr. John Bright is still more fortunate; he is enjoying his own apotheosis! Mr. Gladstone doubts the infallibility of the Pope; but let him beware of doubting Mr. Bright's infallibility. Asked to take part in meetings to sympathize with the Bulgarians, Mr. Bright sententiously answers, "Twenty years ago I told you so!" Invited by the Reform Club of Manchester to unburden his soul and give his statesmanlike views on the Eastern question, he complies, and the refrain of a many-columned speech is, "Twenty years ago I told you so!" And the cultured mill-owners of Lancashire, and the patriotic brokers of Manchester, nudging each other in the ribs, ecstatically whisper, "There's wisdom! there's richness!" whilst John continues "the burden of his song," "I told you so!"

> "Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
>   Sadder than owl-songs, or the midnight blast,
> Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so!'
>   Utter'd by *friends*—those prophets of the past."

Mr. John Bright is having, in fact, what the Americans term "a high old time"; and the men of the Manchester School clap their hands and tell us "There is one great statesman, to whose name no responsibility attaches"; "there is one man in England who may be proud to-day." Woe to the rash individual who refuses his assent. At the Manchester meeting (as in certain letters preceding) Mr. Bright reminded his hearers that he had protested against "the crimes and the errors of the Crimean war"; that war was "unnecessary," "impolitic," and "unjust." He seems to be in a lamentable uncertainty of mind as to what the war was all about. He refers to Mr. Kinglake; if Mr. Bright will only read Mr. Kinglake's first volume again, he will learn how and why the war commenced; and also a good deal (in that and the subsequent volumes) about who were guilty of the "crimes" and "errors."

It is no doubt presumptuous to differ from Mr. Bright. I make no pretension to be infallible; I know myself to be very much the reverse; but, in all humility, I must take leave to say, I am as persuaded now, as I was twenty-two years ago, that the war was just and necessary, and would have been as politic (in the largest sense of the term) as it was just and necessary, if it had been honestly conducted and zealously waged. Amidst the general recantations, over which Mr. Bright naturally chuckles (and small blame to him), I am glad to note that Professor Newman and the "Edinburgh Review" have none to make. Both justify the war. The "Review" says: "We adhere to the opinion, in which we have never wavered, that the Crimean war was a just, necessary, and useful war. It was caused by the arrogance and deceit of Nicholas, and it rendered to the world the signal service of the overthrow of the despotic, relentless, and reactionary influence he exercised in Europe." I will add, that the war was in no small degree brought about by the course of Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden and others, who, by their peace-at-any-price teaching and manifestations, had impressed Nicholas with the idea that, no matter the provocation, England (emasculated, as he supposed by the corroding effects of a long peace and the corrupting influences of trade and wealth) would not go to war under any circumstances; or, at least with no foe more formidable than Chinese and African savages.

Yes; there were "errors" and "crimes" in 1854–56. In welcoming with enthusiasm the royal declaration of war, the people, remembering on the one hand the atrocities and outrages of Russia in Poland, and on the other the noble attitude of Sultan Abdul Medjid in refusing to give up Kossuth and the Hungarian refugees to the Russian and Austrian bloodhounds, supposed that the war was to be an earnest war, that Russia was to be energetically combated and her insolent menaces and incessant encroachments put a stop to, once for all. In that they were bitterly disappointed. They were disappointed because neither the British nor the French government had any other intention from the beginning than to hurt Russia as little as possible.

Yes; there were "errors" and "crimes." Whatever tributes of applause may be justly due to our soldiers and the larger number of their officers, our military and also our naval commanders (with one or two exceptions) exhibited errors and blunders enough to make the nation blush, and lament for the days of Wellington and Nelson. Crimes, rather than errors, led to the destruction of so many thousands of our soldiers, not by Russian shot and shell, sword and bayonet, but by want and disease, inaction and misery, green coffee and death-inviting rags. But the gigantic crime of all was the perfidious way in which the war was conducted by that cabinet of which Mr. Gladstone was a member and the *cher* Aberdeen the chief. As regards the perfidious policy referred to, whoso would set himself to the disagreeable task might easily pile Ossa upon Pelion in the shape of proof upon proof. I limit myself to a few words from a paper on the Eastern question by Mr. Froude, the historian, remarking that the witness I call into court is not hostile to Russia, and does not condemn, but approves, the nefarious policy he so strikingly exhibits. The *italics* (save in one instance) are mine :—

> "Perhaps the *educated* statesmen only saw their way with clearness, as *they only* in any sense can be said to have *gained their object*. To them *the hope of the multitude was the principal alarm*, and driven into this war reluctantly, they were *resolved* at least *so to manage it* that the spirit of revolution should be held from breaking out. . . . In a *war of freedom*, *Hungary would have been the ally* whom we should have naturally sought, and Austria would have been our natural enemy, *the theatre of the campaign would have been Poland*, where Russia could be *wounded to the quick*. But freedom was the one special thing which was *not* [Mr. F.'s *italics*] to be fought for, and therefore Hungary was ignored, except as a province of the court of Vienna. Austria was courted for an ally with a passion which the most manifest double-dealing failed to repress. The war was carried to the Crimea, which, if we conquered, we could not continue ourselves to hold, which the Tartar population could not defend, and which equally we could not restore to the Sultan."

Enough in illustration of "crimes," and, above all, the crime that included treachery to Turkey (as could be amply demonstrated), and treason, in fact, if not in form, to England. Why! if justice had been done,—but here I pause.

Mr. Bright is good enough to tell us that, "at this moment, not an iron-clad that slumbers on the Turkish waters, not a musket or rifle or bayonet or sword by which a Servian has been killed in the war, or unarmed men and helpless women and children have been murdered in Bulgaria, that was not purchased and paid for by money borrowed from the credulous people of this country (cheers)." Note the intelligence of the audience which could cheer such stuff. There might have been fewer iron-clads, and certainly fewer new palaces at Constantinople, if there had been no money lent to the late sultan; and doubtless some of that money may have furnished other *materiel* of war in addition to iron-clads; but to pretend that not a rifle, not a bayonet, not a sword, etc., etc., would have been at the command of the Turks but for money borrowed from England, is a preposterous exaggeration and a reflection on the common-sense of the audience to whom it was addressed. But why did Mr. Bright stop at "Turkish loans"? Why not tell something about "Russian loans"? Why not tell us how far English money has contributed to keeping Poland in bondage, in sowing the disorders which we at present see in the Turkish provinces, and in constructing those military railroads in Russia, not constructed so much in the interests of peace and for purposes of traffic and ordinary travel, as, mainly, for moving armies and *materiel* of war, with the utmost celerity, from frontier to frontier,—armies that may some day be brought into deadly conflict with the defenders of England or of English interests? Well says the "Edinburgh Review": "Loans to Russia, for the purpose of constructing military lines of railroad to open the East to her armies; loans to Turkey, to enable her to keep on foot a large and semi-civilized army; loans to Egypt, the interest of which is paid out of the blood of the *fellah*,—appear to us to be very questionable applications of English money, and totally opposed to the political objects which, as a nation, we profess to have at heart."

Mr. Bright is astonished at the old, "foolish" idea, that Russia threatened the overthrow of all constitutional government and freedom in Europe. That, he thinks, was a "folly that no child should even have listened to." Be it remembered that Russia was, in 1854, the most perfect incarnation of imperial military despotism perhaps ever seen in Europe; far more thorough than that of the French and Spanish monarchies in their worst days, and of which no Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stuart rule ever afforded any nearly similar example. To compare the royal rule of John, Henry VIII., or Charles I., with that of Nicholas, would be puerility that no child could listen to. In 1854, Russia was not merely the acknowledged enemy of constitutional governments: she had overthrown constitutional governments. The Treaty of Vienna had guaranteed to Poland a constitutional government, under the headship of the Tsar as constitutional King of Poland. Nicholas had destroyed that government, and substituted a government of the sword,—a government of soldiers, spies, jailers and executioners. Only five years before the Crimean war, Russia had sent her legions into Hungary, and assisted Austria to destroy a constitutional government which, in its origin, was as old as the constitutional government of England. Russia is to-day the pretended champion of the freedom of the Christian populations of Turkey, as, in 1854, she played the *rôle* of their "protector"! Only six years previously, the Porte, having granted enlarged liberal local institutions to the Danubian Principalities, Nicholas, dreading the infection of freedom, interfered to prevent the establishment of the improved system. His forces invaded Moldavia, and, ultimately, under apprehension of war, the Sultan was obliged to retract his concessions, cancel his solemn engagements, and even banish from the Principalities the delegates who had negotiated for an increase of their country's liberties,—liberties which Nicholas would not allow to exist,—just as his shameless ancestress, Catherine, would not allow unhappy Poland to reform her institutions, because such reform might have regenerated the state and saved Poland from destruction. [Professor F. Newman, "Frazer's Magazine," October, 1876.] Yet Mr. Bright would have us believe that constitutional government had nothing to fear from Russia! His mode of complimenting the intelligence of his Manchester audience was certainly peculiar; for it looks as if he took his hearers for a set of fools, when he gave utterance to statements so utterly at variance with the unquestionable facts of history.

VI.

Foiled for the time by the Treaty of Paris (1856), guaranteeing the independence and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, Russia was not long before recommencing her intrigues in Eastern Europe, sapping and mining, when prevented from the prosecution of open violence. It would be tedious to enter into particulars, but the following document throws a sufficiency of light on Moscovite scheming and intriguing up to the year 1863. In that year insurrection raged in Poland, the consequence of brutal oppression and bloody massacres in Warsaw, and more especially the result of the midnight seizure, under the name of "conscription," of thousands of Polish young men in the cities and towns, and their enrolment in the Russian army in the Caucasus and at other distant posts. Those who managed to elude the seizure, and those who apprehended seizure, took to the woods, and organized themselves in armed bands. Some months of insurrection followed, but the revolt was ultimately "stamped out." Deportations, confiscations, wholesale executions, and organized Terror finally put an end to all resistance, and once more "order reigned in Warsaw," in Poland, and Lithuania,—the order of terror, the peace of death. About a fortnight after the breaking out of the insurrection, Lord Palmerston addressed the subjoined letter to Baron Brunnow, Russian Ambassador at London. It will be found in the original French, in the second volume of the Life of Lord Palmerston, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M. P. The following is a

Translation.

"FEBRUARY 4, 1863.

"MY DEAR BRUNNOW :—I very much regret the insurrections which have broken out in Poland, and in several of the provinces of Russia, because these movements will produce great misfortunes in the country, and because many men who should make themselves useful to their country will pay with their blood or with exile, the revolt of which they have been guilty.

"But as regards the Russian government, I consider these insurrections as a just punishment from Heaven for the intrigues of which that government has been guilty in order to prepare for the spring revolts and insurrections against the Sultan, in Moldo-Wallachia, in Servia, and in Bosnia.

. . . 'Non lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.'

"It is true, that these insurrections, whether broken out or prepared, do not threaten with death either the Russian or the Ottoman empire; Russia will know how to restore order in the provinces, and the Porte will know how to teach Couza, and the Prince of Servia, and the Bosnians, that it is better to remain faithful to one's sovereign, than to listen to the subversive counsels of an ambitious neighbor.

"But at the present time, Russia suffers within herself the evil which she intends to inflict on an inoffensive neighbor. You easily understand that I now speak of the one hundred thousand and more muskets which the Russian government has sent into Servia and Bosnia by indirect channels, and with all precautions, in order to conceal as much as possible what it was doing; and I also allude to that swarm of *agents provocateurs* who, coming from Russia, abound and labor in the European provinces of Turkey. If Prince Gortschakoff were as much my friend as you are, I should have addressed myself to him, instead of writing to you; but I should very much wish he knew the impression his policy has produced upon us

"Warmest regards (*mille amitiés*),

"PALMERSTON."

The above throws, indeed, a flood of light upon the way disturbances are excited in the Turkish provinces, and goes far to explain the insurrections in Bosnia and the Herzegovina. As to the prompters and promoters of the Servian war, they stand self-revealed, self-proclaimed; additional explanation would be altogether superfluous.

The Polish insurrection suppressed, the swarm of *agents provocateurs* were again at work sowing disaffection and inciting to disturbance. Attempts were made in 1867, and again in 1868, to excite insurrections in Bulgaria. But those attempts utterly failed; the Bulgarian peasants even arresting the pretended patriots. Here I must express my astonishment at the infatuation of the Turkish government, that it should have been allowed to foreign agents to traverse the land sowing sedition and plotting conspiracy and revolt. By no possibility could any such foreign propaganda be carried on in Russia. I must express still more astonishment, that, after having had proof upon proof of the peace-loving disposition of the Bulgarians, so little was done to remove well-founded grievances, and to effect what would have been so easy,—the attaching of the Bulgarians, by a sense of benefits received, to the throne of the Sultan. Patient, laborious, respecting authority, wedded to the arts of peace, indisposed to engage in adventures, detesting the Greeks, mistrusting the Servians, fearing Russia, it would have been the easiest of achievements to have obtained the substitution of veritable loyalty for mere submission, and rallied the Bulgarians to the Sultan as worthy of being numbered with his most devoted subjects. Instead of which, grievances remaining unredressed, and wrongs rankling more and more, some of the Bulgarians were at length induced to listen to the arts of their tempters, with the shocking results we know. Blundering and criminal was the conduct of the Turkish government; criminal and infamous was that of the foreign intriguers—both governments and agents. Nefarious incitements at last succeeded in producing petty risings, in which and for which the peasants had no heart; the risings created panic, and there followed the cruelties, woes and abominations, atrocities and outrages, commonly designated the "Bulgarian Horrors."

Denouncing both the Turkish and the Russian governments, and objecting to other people's schemes for the solution of the

Eastern question, it may be said to me, "What would you propose?" Whether asked ironically or earnestly, I would reply, I have not the presumption to add my contribution to the *embarras de richesses* already reviewed. But I may express what I modestly think desirable: I. That there should be an end to political distinctions of race and religion within the Sultan's dominions; that, in the exercise of religion, the advancement of education, the payment of taxes, the administration of justice, and the freedom of speech and of the press, Mussulmans and Christians, Jews and "Schismatics," no matter of what Turanian, Aryan or Semitic origin, should enjoy equal rights and equal laws. II. That the abominable farming of the taxes (one of the worst evils under which France groaned previous to the Great Revolution) should be abolished, and the taxes, whether direct or indirect, be collected by no worse methods than those that prevail in Western Europe. III. That Christians, equally with Mussulmans, being eligible to public employment, should share alike in the public administration from the highest to the humblest offices, and under such conditions of permanency as would do away with one of the chief existing inducements to oppression and peculation: namely, insecurity of employment. IV. On the vexed question of "arms," the rash and ready proposition to disarm the Moslem population cannot, it seems to me, be reasonably entertained. For the Sultan to attempt that disarming, he would need an overwhelming armed force everywhere to execute the decree; with the prospect that in many instances the armed force would sympathize with their Mussulman brethren, giving rise to mutiny and anarchy. In that case, no doubt, Russia would kindly offer her forces to crush both the subjects and the soldiers of the Sultan! Under present circumstances, with Russia threatening war, and making every preparation to invade Turkey, how can any one in reason expect the Turkish government to further its own destruction by disarming its only zealous defenders? To me, it seems, it would be far preferable to abolish the distinction of bearing arms; allowing the Christians and all sects, as well as the Mussulmans, to possess arms, but absolutely forbidding the carrying of weapons when engaged in the daily concerns of life, and excepting when commanded to appear in arms by the authorities, themselves directed by the imperial government to issue that command. The Christians, equally with the Mussulmans, instead of paying any special tax or fine, should be required to serve in the imperial army [though, probably, the Christians would count that kind of equality a new grievance!]; and a national militia composed equally of Mussulmans and Christians, according to population, should take the place of Bashi-Bazouks and other irregulars. I would hope, finally, that ultimately, if not immediately, representative institutions would consolidate the political equality of the races and religions; meanwhile the centralization at Constantinople being reduced and reformed by the strengthening of local, municipal and communal authority, all sharing in that authority without distinction of race or creed.

These suggestions do not touch the agrarian difficulty in Bosnia and elsewhere,—too grave a question to be disposed of in a sentence, and requiring far ampler knowledge of all the circumstances than I possess.

With regard to the above reforms, I must refuse to enter into details; as I must also decline to discuss the question of "guarantees." To go into such matters would be to assume a character I disclaim. Sir Robert Peel refused to prescribe for the country because he had not been "called in." Sir Robert, however, was a "regular practitioner"; I am not; and I will not be dragged into occupying the position of a "quack." Of that class of practitioners we see an abundance and to spare, offering their nostrums for the curing or killing of the "sick man." With such I will have no part or lot. I simply claim the right, and claim to exercise the right, of a freeman: to discuss, to criticise, assent to, or, when I see reason, to dissent from the measures, plans and schemes of statesmen, diplomatists and professional politicians.

VII.

Is it to be peace or war?

At the first glance, taking him at his word, nothing could look more pacific, moderate, and conciliatory than the speech of the Tsar to Lord Loftus, published in London on the 21st of November. I can imagine the jubilation of Mr. Gladstone and his followers on the publication of Lord Loftus' despatch. I can imagine the triumphant interrogation put to the "Pall Mall Gazette," and to all the doubters of Russia's good faith,—together with all those who are not by any means in a state of doubt,—"Didn't we tell you so?" The good Tsar regretted to see in England "that inveterate suspicion and continual fear of Russian aggression." "He had, on several occasions, given most solemn assurances that he desired no conquest. He had not the smallest wish or intention to occupy Constantinople. Such an acquisition would be a misfortune for Russia." "If necessity should force him to occupy a portion of Bulgaria, it would be only provisionally." He was unable to comprehend "why there should not be a perfect understanding between England and Russia, based on a policy of peace." He explained that "he had permitted officers to go to Servia, provided they left the Russian service, in the hope of calming the agitation in Russia." The Atlantic cable added that Lord Derby replied to Lord Loftus, expressing the "greatest satisfaction" of the Queen and the Cabinet; and Lord Loftus, having said the Russian government wished for the publication of his despatch, Lord Derby answered he had much pleasure in complying, considering the publication opportune in view of the mobilization of the Russian forces and the issue of a loan! The visage of Gortschakoff must have been a study when informed of Lord Derby's "considering," etc.

It was certainly a curious way of seeking to calm Russia by allowing Russian officers to begin a war against Turkey; but then that may be a Russian way of assisting to keep the peace. Alexander cannot comprehend why there should not be a good understanding between England and Russia, there being so many ways to make things pleasant between the two, as Nicholas suggested; and the present emperor's words bear a striking likeness to those of his predecessor to Sir Hamilton Seymour. Nevertheless, nothing could be more pacific and conciliatory (looking) than (most of) the assurances quoted above. On the other hand, as everybody knows, Turkey has made no threat of war against Russia or any other state. Her fighting in Servia was purely defensive, she having been attacked and forced into war. If the one power is purely pacific, and the other gives the most solemn assurances of pacific desires, why rumors of war? Why any fear of war?

Alas! we are reminded of the Scotch minister's commentary on David. The king of Israel had said, in his haste, all men were liars! If he had lived in that parish, observed the minister, his majesty might have said it at his leisure! We must, to a great extent, read the present by the light reflected from the past, and must interpret the words of emperors as we would those of any other kind of men—by their acts. As Henry Brougham might have said,—making present application of his words to the former Alexander,—the reigning ruler of Russia might have been reminded of passages in history calculated to lessen his astonishment at the distrust and suspicion of England. The Tsar may think it very hard his imperial and solemn assurances are not received with implicit faith; but it is his misfortune that he is descended from an illustrious line of ancestors who were never wanting in the most solemn assurances, calling upon God and the Holy Trinity to witness the sincerity of their declarations; and who, subsequently, never scrupled, when the opportune moment came, to break every promise and violate every assurance; making it "all right" with Heaven by *Te Deums* to God and the Holy Trinity for infamous frauds accomplished and bloody massacres successfully perpetrated. Thus did Nicholas; thus did Catherine; thus did all the seed, breed, and generation of the Romanoffs from the beginning; and why should we trust to solemn assurances now, unless the deliberate acts of the Russian government are in accordance with that government's pacific pledges?

Are they? There is an old distich:—

> "Words are but wind;
> Actions speak the mind."

In the midst of her victories over the Servians and Russian volunteers, Turkey was peremptorily forbidden to follow up her success; England joining with the other powers in demanding an armistice. Turkey consented, stipulating that the armistice should be for six months; partly, no doubt, for military reasons, but also, as declared, to prepare and carry out the reforms required for the safety of the empire, as well as for the pacification of the disturbed provinces. With what reason can any man say that six months is too long a term for the gigantic work of preparing the intended reforms, setting the new institutions in motion, overcoming Moslem fanaticism, and obtaining the confidence of the Christian populations? But this is precisely what Russia does not want, and will not permit, if she can help it. The time to carry out reforms, was what Poland needed; and Russia, by fraud and force,—having the mastery,—would not allow, being determined to ruin Poland and destroy Polish independence. We judge of the present and augur the future from the experience bequeathed by the past. Finally, under pressure from the European powers, Turkey yielded, assenting to an armistice nicely calculated to be just long enough to set the forces of Russia in motion for the invasion of Turkey; and, as soon as the armistice was signed, Europe rang with Russia's preparations for instant war!

The subject grows; but circumstances needless for me to define limit my space. Omitting much for the present, I hasten to conclude.

In a few days the diplomatic conference will assemble in the city of the Sultan, and simultaneously a peace conference in London. So the great drama, in its serious and other aspects, proceeds. The play called Hamlet *is* a tragedy, the burlesque of the grave-diggers' scene notwithstanding.

The Russians are massed and ready to cross the Pruth. Gortschakoff has his "explanatory note" ready. Turkey is to be charged with the responsibility of the war if she resists Russia's *peaceful* and *disinterested* occupation of Turkish territory! So the game goes on in strict accordance with Russia's long-established precedents!

Peace, or war? A pacific solution in the East, and in the West the restoration of confidence, revival of trade, and the reinvigoration of languishing industry? Or—

> "The march! the charge! the shouts of either faith!
> Hurrah! and Allah! and—one moment more—
> The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar."—BYRON.

BOSTON, UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA,
December 7, 1876.